

Abide With Me

Eventide. 10.10.10.10.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1847

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
 I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!